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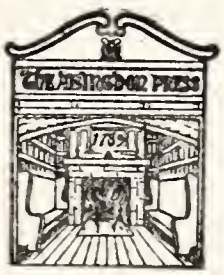
TWELVE MERRY FISHERMEN

By

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

FEB 11 1924



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IN MEMORY OF MY FRIEND

DR. HUGH JOHNSTON

THE PASTOR OF GREAT CHURCHES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES; FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY A POWERFUL AND GRACIOUS MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL; A MAN WHO WON LOVE AND ADMIRATION IN EVERY CITY WHERE HE EXERCISED HIS MANIFOLD MINISTRY.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	JUST AT THE BEGINNING	9
I.	COORDINATING THE WORLD	11
II.	A MAN AMONG HIS BOOKS	18
III.	THE MAN AND THE MACHINE	25
IV.	PREACHING AND PAGANISM	32
V.	THE JEW AND CIVILIZATION	40
VI.	THE FURTIVE PEOPLE	47
VII.	COMMERCE AND CHARACTER	56
VIII.	THE CREATIVE PAST	63
IX.	THE COLOR SCHEME OF THE WORLD	70
X.	GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH	78
XI.	"SAINT WILLIAM AND THE DRAGON"	87
XII.	THE SCHOLAR AND THE PROPHET	95
XIII.	THE FAITH ONCE DELIVERED AND OFTEN INTERPRETED	103
XIV.	PHILOSOPHY, EXPOSITION AND SOCIAL PASSION	112
XV.	PERSONALITY AND PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT	120

JUST AT THE BEGINNING

It has been the happy fortune of the author of these tales of a ministerial club to belong to a good many such organizations. The Alpha Kappa Club, of Brooklyn; The Jolly Friars, of short life but of bright memory; the Monday Club, of New York; the Eclectic Club, of Baltimore, perhaps the oldest ministerial club in America; the Interchurch and the Monday Clubs, of the same city; the more formal Society of Biblical Research, of Chicago; and the delightful Wranglers Club, of Detroit, have given him many opportunities to observe this aspect of ministerial life. In none of the chapters of this book is there any attempt to describe a particular club or to portray a particular person. But doubtless all of these clubs have had a share in creating the atmosphere of the circle called the *Twelve Merry Fishermen.*

L. H. H.

I. COORDINATING THE WORLD

THE Twelve Merry Fishermen were a group of ministers. And this was the name they gave to a ministerial club which they were willing to admit was unique among such organizations. It represented pretty much every conceivable point of view, and the men were united by fundamental earnestness and desire to have a share in the making of a better world rather than by a common bond of opinion. They respected each other in spite of their differences and the tenacity with which some of them adhered to particular views and the vigor with which they expressed them. They met on one Monday of every month "to enjoy an intellectual shower bath," as Bowen Tillman, busy minister of a downtown church, expressed it. They all lived in or near one of America's largest cities, and from the head of a great institutional church ministering to every aspect of the need of the metropolis to the theological professor from a nearby divinity school and the pastor of a flourishing rural community, they were men alive to the finger-

tips. We will not introduce them in any formal way. We will just secrete the reader in a dim corner of the private dining room where they met and let him watch and look and listen and judge for himself.

It was the first meeting after the Presidential election. And there was a touch of somewhat grim irony about the fact that at this particular meeting Monroe Burton, who had a taste for international affairs, and an abiding idealism which glowed all the brighter in days of contemporary disillusionment and cynicism, had read a paper on the subject "The Present Status of the League of Nations." It had been a particularly well-wrought-out piece of work, going rapidly over the history of various attempts to organize the life of the world, paying its disrespects to the Holy Alliance which followed the Napoleonic wars, and then deftly pointing out the steps by which the present organization was created, the world-wide enthusiasm with which the idea was greeted, and the tide of reaction which followed the meeting of the Peace Conference. The final paragraphs were given to a closely reasoned setting forth of the elements in the situation which made it impossible that the

idea should die, and made inevitable some sort of world organization. The last sentence was particularly pregnant: "Civilization cannot survive another World War with all the increased potencies of destruction which are now within our reach. And it will soon become evident that some sort of world-wide organization is the only way to save the intellectual and moral and spiritual gains of the last three thousand years."

Bowen Tillman, busy with the problems of his own church, an efficiency expert who made his organization the marvel of all the men who witnessed its activities, spoke first.

"That's a real paper. But what Burton doesn't see is that the idea is dead. The election proves it. We are going to attack domestic problems and let other people try the Atlas act. We have developed a new modesty. We are going to let some of the problems of giants wait until the giants come. One man tried to be a giant. He only succeeded in breaking his own health and creating a nation-wide hostility. I know a corner of this big town which must be made Christian. That comes pretty near to being my share of the remaking of the world."

Waldo Bryant spoke out very quickly and with a note of rather unusual emotion in his voice. He knew more history than any other man in the club, and he made his pulpit a place where you had a sense of meeting the ages.

"There's just one trouble with what you say, Tillman," he declared. "If the world doesn't get steadied a bit, you will have no corner left in which to work. The fire which had been put out may not endanger your town. But it isn't really out after all. The embers are smoldering all over the world; and if it burns up again, you cannot expect your corner to escape. For the sake of the very thing you do so well you ought to be keen about the League to coordinate the life of the world."

"I have just been reading Dr. Kelman's book on international Christianity," said Morris MacDonald, professor of systematic theology in a nearby school of the prophets. "Sir William Robertson Nicoll's review of the book in the British Weekly set me going. Then the book itself quite captured my attention. Kelman makes you feel the truth of what Bryant has just said. One bit of a paragraph stays in

my mind and sometimes I think of the words when I am awake at night: 'There are those who ask, "What is the use of talking of Utopia when so many people have only hovels to live in?" And the answer is that if this Utopia does not come, we shall not even have hovels to live in, but only graves!' "

Hunter Morrison a young radical, one of whose friends said laughingly that he preached the gospel according to the New Republic, now spoke up.

"It is not a League of Nations which America has repudiated," he said. "It is the particular League of Nations which is tied up with the treaty of peace. Before we entered the war Mr. Wilson once got some progressive legislation, and the price he paid for it was what has been called the worst pork-barrel Congress since the Civil War. He always does that sort of thing. He seeks something good and he pays a price for it which no man has a right to pay. The new Administration will find that America demands our taking our place in an organized life of the world. But it will get us free forever from the reactionary concessions of the Paris Conference."

Tom Tabor had been moving a little rest-

lessly in his chair while these words had been uttered. Now he took up the gauntlet:

"You are all forgetting that the League of Nations is very much alive and that it is functioning effectively. It has already proved that it can prevent war, and that it has mighty forces behind it. After all, it was only a beginning that was represented by the work in France. It was just the first step. Ample room was made for change and improvement. If we had done our duty, the whole world would be now organized in such a fashion that we could begin to talk with reality of the permanence of peace."

Henry Alton was regarded as the most judicial member of the little group. Very often the others addressed him as "Judge." Now he spoke, and there was a little hush of expectancy as he began:

"After all, recriminations are useless, and often worse," he said. "The strategy which turns a noble dream into an effective achievement was denied to the President. The whole idea became involved in a mass of confusion and prejudice. But go beneath the surface and you will find a deep and international interest in the coordination of the world. It

is the missionary enterprise turned into practical politics. And such mighty human forces have united with this deep Christian motive that in some fashion it is destined to prove irresistible. As there was the day of the tribal loyalty, and as there was the day of the feudal loyalty, and as there was the day when the nation represented the supreme synthesis, so the day of an effective organization of the world within which national life can nobly flourish lies ahead of us. The steps may be slow, but the achievement is sure."

So the discussion ended for that day. "But why," maybe you ask, "did this club of fishers of men call themselves Merry Fishermen?" Perhaps that will become evident when you know them better.

II. A MAN AMONG HIS BOOKS

Waldo Bryant was the man of letters of the club. Most of them were bookmen in the fine sense of James Russell Lowell's use of the word. But Bryant lived and moved and had his being in the world of books. He frankly confessed that there were times when books were more real to him than people. He was a minister of a church intensely proud of his noble use of the good old English speech and the phrases lighted with genuine distinction which were sure to appear in any one of his sermons, a church with a definite sense of responsibility for the intellectual life of its immediate community. Hunter Morrison called it the Church of Sweetness and Light, and rather scornfully suggested that it was completely ignoring the pressing problems of social reconstruction. He and Bryant were great friends and when he spoke in this vein Waldo would throw his arm over Morrison's shoulder and remark: "Never mind, Hunter. When you get your reconstructed society ready for action it will be a thin sort of a world unless you have some

disciples of Matthew Arnold about to keep the love of disciplined beauty alive."

On this particular day Bryant was to read a paper on the theme, "A Man's Life With Books." The twelve men were all present, and they sat back in their chairs with undisguised interest as he began. "Waldo has a voice which convinces you before you get his ideas," Morris MacDonald declared. And as his lithe, athletic phrases fell from his lips you did feel that the singularly supple voice in which they were expressed added to their charm and their power. "In the books of the world dead men win a perpetual resurrection," he began. And from the first arresting sentence every phrase was shining with his own love of books and his own long and intimate companionship with great minds. The echoing music of many a master was felt in his own sentences, and withal they rang with a fresh and telling quality which was his own.

On the one hand he pictured the life of the man who had never been welcomed to the feast of the ages spread so bountifully in the literature of the world. On the other hand he called forth the men ripe and rich and full of mind and nobly disciplined in taste to whom

the great voices of all the long-drawn years are familiar.

There was many a facile bit of characterization, as when he described Carlyle as an apothecary who sold moral bitters to the nineteenth century. There were bits of fine and triumphant faith, as when he described Browning as a man who knew so much about human nature that he could not be a pessimist. There were bits of irony with their own cut as when he spoke of Amy Lowell as a New England woman who had kept the Puritan rude honesty and had cast aside the Puritan moral passion, the mistress of brittle phrases with never a glow of moral or spiritual light. There were bits of easy humor, as in the paragraph dealing with Vachel Lindsay as the man who introduced rag-time on Parnassus.

Through it all there was that sense that words are deeds, that feeling for the living character of writing which made all his relation to books so vivid and compelling. You watched the moral fights of a man as he went on with his life as a reader. You followed the victories and defeats which his character suffered at the hands of books. And you saw him at last the monarch of a vast domain

where multitudes of noble books were his eager slaves. The last paragraph describing the voices which speak in a library had a chaste and almost ethereal beauty. The men sat quite still under the spell which the reader had cast upon them when his voice died away into silence.

Bowen Tillman recovered first. "Oh, to have time for it!" he ejaculated.

" 'Time? what's time? Give now to dogs and apes. Man has forever,' " quoted Hunter Morrison.

"Not at my church," flashed back Tillman.

Henry Alton looked over at the busy downtown minister. "I'm not sure but a shower bath of reading will leave a man ready to do some other things in half the time," he observed.

"The way to do a thing quickly is to do something else," said Benny Malone, whose mischief was always ready to break out and whose bump of reverence was not strikingly developed; at least if that bump is supposed to relate itself to dignified human beings.

"There's more in what you say than you think," began Morris MacDonald. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . ." interrupted Malone.

But MacDonald was not to be halted. "The fight for a fresh mind is quite as fundamental as the fight for an industrious mind," he declared. "And reading, if it is wisely chosen, leaves a man ready to think his way through no end of problems with a speed he could not have acquired in any other way. When a man tells me that he is too busy to read, I reply that he is too busy not to read."

Fletcher Hilton, who exercised an evangelistic ministry which was the wonder of all who knew him, now looked up. "I'm always ready to read a book which will bring me closer to a man," he said. "I am always ready to throw down a book which will get between me and people."

"No book would get between you and the man who liked that book," said the irrepressible Malone. "So you have a fairly wide field."

"There is something more I want to say," continued Hilton. "I am afraid of a certain citizenship in the world of books which will make me less at home with the everyday people among whom I must live. If a man gets to live on epigrams so that he can only enjoy the society of people who are all the

while saying clever things, his circle of human friends will get rather small."

"There's one for you, Bryant," said Morrison with an amused touch of friendly malice.

"I won't have it," replied Bryant. "You can't possibly be a less effective servant of men in the long run because you love the things they ought to love rather than the things which they love at the moment."

Monroe Burton had been silent thus far. Now he entered the lists.

"I'm not afraid of books pushing me away from people," he said. "As a matter of fact, people can meet by means of books who would find it hard to understand each other in more personal contact. You get the essence of a man in a book and not the individual and temperamental eccentricity."

"And precisely what you need is to see the essence in its human wrappings and not outside of them," declared Fletcher Hilton.

Coulton Moore, the Bohemian of the group, who with all his busy activities as a minister found time for an amazing number of unconventional human contacts, who knew "dips" and "yeggs" and all sorts of furtive folks, woke up to the idea just at this minute.

"Books are either on the way to people or on the way from people. If they are on the way to people, it's a fine morning and a good day lies ahead on the open road. If they are on the way from people, the sky is getting gray and the day is sure to be cheerless at last. If your man of books is not a man of men as well, he will get to have sawdust where he thought he had brains."

"From which fate you are forever safe," laughed Bryant. And that ended the discussion for the day.

III. THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

Bowen Tillman had just finished reading his paper. The theme of the paper was "The Age of Machinery." Tillman began with the inventions of the last quarter of the eighteenth century and moved through the whole romantic tale of the methods and devices and machines which have changed the face of the world and the character of civilization. His paper had bristled with dates. But at the command of his quick and vivid imagination the dates lived and glowed with color. His picture of the new world the machine has made was as scientific as a careful statement of facts could make it, and was bright with the play of light from a mind which turned hard facts into golden poetry. The paper concluded with some thoughtful words about the type of mind needed to carry the world through all the adjustments which the new application of power had made necessary. "The future belongs to the great organizing engineer," Tillman had declared, and then he had portrayed the services of this master of men and things, of

manufacturing and transportation and of the problems of salesmanship.

There was silence for a moment when the reading of the paper had concluded. It was evident that every one of the twelve merry fishermen was deeply impressed. Then Benny Malone broke out!

"Give me a job as your private secretary, Mr. Super-engineer. I'd like to hitch my wagon to your sort of star."

Waldo Bryant spoke up moodily:

"That's just the temper of the age," he said. "We never stop to think of all the havoc wrought by this iconoclastic age of ugly machines. We never think of all the beauty which has been destroyed. We never think of all the mental life which has been impoverished. We never—"

"O, come now," called Coulton Moore, "you are singing a dirge too soon. Of course some of the old romance is gone, and it is gone forever. But think of the new romance. Think of all the poems hidden in the whirring wheels and moving belts of great machines. There is to be a new humanism based upon modern inventions. It will produce a new sort of man of letters. Sometimes Kipling gives you

a hint of what it will be like. You can't turn back the clock, Bryant. You'd better turn forward your mind instead. Here's a train leaving Fifth-Century Athens for Twentieth-Century America. Better come and get on board."

Monroe Burton scarcely waited for Moore to complete his last sentence, "You capitulate too soon," he said. "Let's take time to examine the situation. It isn't the loss of poetry I am thinking so much about. It's the loss of life. I don't object to men using machines. I do object to having a man become a machine. It's all right to use a typewriter. The trouble is that so many people have become human typewriters. We are living in an age of depleted personality. And machines have done it. Our taste as well as our productive power is lowered until we actually suppose that Amy Lowell can write poetry. We are stamping real initiative and creative energy out of modern life. We are becoming the victims of our inventions. We have constructed a Frankenstein which seems in fair way to destroy our civilization."

"Jeremiah, I hail thee," put in Benny Malone. "Just what chapter of the Lamentations is this?"

Henry Alton was smiling a little. Now he spoke:

"It isn't really as bad as that, Burton," he said. "Every invention is the expression of an amazing amount of really creative mental power. And the extra hours for the workers which these inventions have already made possible give an opportunity for an ampler mental life and a variety of human experience which were one day impossible. The problem of the age of machinery is the new leisure which has come to the groups we used to describe as the working classes. If this new leisure is used wisely, we can produce a generation of superbly gifted and superbly trained men and women to carry on the big adventure of life."

Hunter Morrison spoke up wrathfully:

"You ought to know better, Henry Alton," he said. "You do know as well as I that we are living upon a crater of industrial unrest. The age of machinery has produced a race of slaves. And little enough real difference has been made by the slight concessions in hours and wages. The only hope is in a real and definite reconstruction of the system under which we live. A system conceived and born

in agricultural life cannot live and flourish in an industrial age which receives the very form of its activity from mechanical inventions."

Tom Tabor was on his feet at that.

"All this talk of reconstruction makes me unutterably weary," he said. "As if we had not been doing just that for half a century and more. We have worn some of our watch-words threadbare. Now we need to get down to realities. The progress of the nineteenth century in social and industrial legislation has been an amazing thing. We do not need a new system. We do need more poise. Every year a fuller life comes within the reach of all men of all classes. Tillman is right. We need bigger engineers. But it is for the purpose of completing a job partly finished, and not for the purpose of beginning all over again."

"The butterfly above the road
Preaches contentment to the toad,"

quoted Hunter Morrison, a little maliciously.

Just here Fletcher Hilton began to speak:

"Curiously enough, none of you have said anything about the effect of all this on religion," he declared. "To me as a preacher it seems that the outstanding effect of the age

of machinery has been to make the work of evangelism more difficult. Life seems to be caught up in mysterious and mechanical relationships. It is harder in all these complex organizations to arouse a deep and powerful sense of personal responsibility. Men are willing to repent of the sins of the machine. They are not willing to admit that they are personally responsible for the wrong things done by the wheels and belts."

Morris MacDonald had turned about as Hilton began speaking. Now he entered the discussion with a little note of eagerness in his voice: "What an indictment and what a tribute!" he began. "There is the attack of humanism. There is the attack of social passion. There is the attack of ethics. There is the attack of religion. The age of machinery is really having a hard time. But really it is not the fault of the machines. They are only inanimate slaves. And life could be richer for all of us because of their activities. The age of machinery is actually an age of instruments we have not yet mastered. It is an age of servants we have not yet completely disciplined. The supreme challenge which has come to humanity up to this day is just the

opportunity to bend machinery to the higher purposes of life."

Morris MacDonald paused a moment and a twinkle came into his eye. "There is a passage in the book of Ezekiel which I commend to your serious attention," he said. "It is this: 'The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.' When machinery is dominated by personality the world is safe."

"But—" said Hunter Morrison.

"However—" exclaimed Bowen Tillman.

"And yet—" cried Waldo Bryant.

And just at that moment luncheon was announced.

IV. PREACHING AND PAGANISM

James Clayton was the rural member of the club. He was immensely proud that he could call himself a country minister. He was heartily a part of the life about him. You could find volumes of discussion of scientific agriculture on his shelves. He was a part of the larger life of the world. You could often find him poring over some book which set about the unraveling of a knotting international problem. He was a part of the vast unfolding life of the church. No volumes in his well-packed cases showed more evidence of frequent perusal than those which told the story of the thought of the church, the long tale of its intellectual struggles. Somehow he brought things together in his own life and in his ministry which men often think about in the terms of a subtle antagonism. Busy as he was about his wide-lying parish, he had a keen scent for the significant new book. You were rather likely to find that book upon his study table.

The Twelve Merry Fishermen knew the ways

and the abilities of Clayton very well, and it was with a little touch of hearty expectancy that they gathered in the hotel on the day when he was to read the paper. He took his manuscript from his pocket, and laid beside it a small but closely printed volume. "I am going to discuss Professor Albert Parker Fitch's Yale Lectures, 'Preaching and Paganism,' " he began. The men leaned back in their chairs to listen.

Clayton was not a particularly attractive reader. He had his own personal tricks of emphasis. And he had an entirely individual set of modulations of tone. But withal he held your attention, and usually you forgot the reader in listening to his thoughts before he had been reading very long. On this particular day he gave a few graphic touches to placing the mental character of Professor Fitch before the members of the club. You knew that the man he was discussing was a cosmopolitan man of letters with a gift for phrases which cut their way to the heart of a subject like a sharp knife. You felt the resilience of the mind beginning the Yale lectures with the observation that it was necessary in that course not merely to hitch one's wagon to a star but to

a whole constellation. You sensed the quality of close and adequate technical scholarship which gave precision as well as depth to Professor Fitch's work. Then Clayton gave himself to an interpretation of the lectures themselves. You found that you were in the presence of a busy modern mind acquainted with all the contemporary watchwords, alive with social passion, warmly sympathetic with every real thing in contemporary life, and at heart desperately lonely for one thing, terribly hungry for authentic contact with the living God. This loneliness you felt had not been in vain. This hunger had not left the spirit of the man empty. In deep and searching analysis of his own soul and of the period in which he lived, he had discovered the inadequacy of humanism, and the hot power of that invading paganism which, wearing many a garment, peers in upon us at every turn of the road. He had dared to be honest with the moral problems. He had scorned evasion and subterfuge. And a new sense of God, a new apprehension of religion, a new and startlingly vital understanding of redemption had come to him out of all this. The passion and the enthusiasm of it all was poured forth in the Yale lectures on

preaching. Some of the sentences which Clayton quoted were conclusive enough of the sharp definiteness of the analysis of Professor Fitch, and of the ethical energy of his message.

"Humanism makes an inhuman demand upon the will." "The primitive in man is a beast whom it is hard to chain, nor does humanism, with its semiscientific, semisentimental laudation of all natural values, produce that exacting mood of inward scrutiny in which self-control has most chance of succeeding." "It would appear to be generally true that society at this moment is not chiefly concerned with either love or justice, renunciation or discipline, nor with the supplanting of the old order, but with perpetuating the naturalistic principle by means of a partial redivision of the spoils, a series of compromises, designed to make it more tolerable for one class of its former victims." "The deepest cause of human misery is not inheritance, is not environment, is not ignorance, is not incompleteness: it is the informed but perverse human will." "You are something more than physical hunger and reproductive instinct." "You do not make a man moral by enlightening him." "No man was ever yet able to preach the living God

until he understood that the central need in human life is to reconcile the individual conscience to itself, compose the anarchy of the spiritual life. Men want to be happy and be fed; but men must have inward peace." The paper concluded with a glowing account of the vital and freshly phrased expression of the eternal meaning of the moral and spiritual battle and the Christian peace as these are set forth by Professor Fitch.

Clayton had hardly finished when Hunter Morrison spoke:

"The words are the words of modernity, but the spirit comes out of the Middle Ages. It's just another attempt to lead us to surrender the gains of the world which has lived since the days of Petrarch."

Baldwin Paxton followed in his slow and careful way.

"It seems to me that Professor Fitch underestimates the contribution of modern science to the solution of the moral and the religious problem. And with all his scholarship there is a subtle appeal to the emotions which has its own elements of grave danger."

Monroe Burton had a twinkle in his eye:

"Professor Fitch is really a belated Wesley

trying to preach a sermon with the vocabulary of a New-England intellectual," he said.

This was too much for Fletcher Hilton:

"Just go a little farther, Burton," he said. "You might add that he is an Augustine and a Luther and a Paul. In other words, you might say that being a professor of the history of religion has given him a sense of historic continuity. He is trying to let the Christian ages speak in the voice of the age."

Coulton Moore now spoke up:

"I'm a bit puzzled by the contrast between Professor Fitch's little brochure, *Can the Church Survive in the Changing Order?* and his Yale lectures. One seemed the very voice of everything real and restless in the life of to-day. The other seems the utterance of a modern man who has just gone with Moses to the Mount of the Law and has been swiftly carried to the Mount of Transfiguration and then has come down to bend the contemporary vernacular to the meaning of what he has seen and felt."

Waldo Bryant turned on Moore with this sentence:

"One volume is diagnosis. The other is prescription. And the prescription had not been discovered when the diagnosis was made."

Bowen Tillman moved a little eagerly:

"The thing which gripped me about 'Preaching and Paganism' was this," he said. "I have been feeling for a hundred days that my preaching was getting thin. Professor Fitch put his hand on the cause. He did better. He showed me the way out of my trouble. I have not been calling to the deeps in human life. He made me resolve to besiege the farthest citadel in a man's soul. I feel as if he had put iron into my blood."

Tom Tabor was sitting beside Tillman. Now he spoke:

"Clayton said nothing about Professor Fitch's uplifting worship as over against preaching. I like to think of a new appreciation of worship. But I am clear that Professor Fitch does not think highly enough of preaching."

"These things ought ye to have done and not to have left the others undone," interrupted Benny Malone.

Morris MacDonald was seated at the end of the table. He moved a little. Everyone felt that his word would close the discussion of the day.

"There are things in this book I do not believe," he said. "There are trails of thought

I cannot follow. I wish that Professor Fitch were a little less cavalier at times with things which still glow with wonder and with power to multitudes of Christians. But for all that, I want to say that no book about religion has so stirred me for a dozen years. This little volume rises right above the other things which are being written in America. Once again we have a book which sounds the authentic note of religion as a morally transforming contact with the life of the eternal. I would put it on the study of every preacher in the United States." He paused a moment. Then he added, "In this book at last Greece pays tribute to Jerusalem."

V. THE JEW AND CIVILIZATION

HUNTER MORRISON could always be trusted to choose a theme which was alive in the contemporary mind.

"I know his subject. It is 'The Age of Steel and the Age of Men,' " declared Benny Malone, as the twelve took their places around the table.

Morrison looked up with some amusement in his eyes.

"Guess again, Benny," he said.

"Then it's 'The Closed Mind and the Open Shop,' " ventured Malone.

"Wrong once more," said Morrison.

By this time all the members were settled comfortably in their chairs. Hunter Morrison took his paper from his pocket.

"My subject," he announced, "is 'The Jew and the Safety of the World.' "

More than one member of the club made a little gesture of quickened interest. Morrison had an unusual knowledge of significant radical literature. He maintained a mental life of really cosmopolitan interest. And he could be

trusted to deal with this problem in a large and critical and fearless way. He began with a discussion of the articles published in the London Morning Post under the title, "The Cause of the World Unrest." He referred to such expressions of opinion as you find in one cutting chapter of Gilbert Chesterton's book, *The New Jerusalem*. He noted some of the vigorous American expressions of Anti-Semitic feeling. He called attention to the little book of Lucien Wolf, *The Myth of the Jewish Menace in World Affairs*, and to John Spargo's effective discussion, *The Jew and American Ideals*. Then he turned to a quick survey of the long story of the Jew. The men about the table felt once more the power of that high, pure faith which rose in the midst of the unabashed animalism of Semitic religion. They sensed the life which lay back of the noblest distinctions of Hebrew law and the loftiest moral and spiritual heights of Hebrew prophecy. They stopped to remember that when Jesus spoke his words of matchless insight and power he utilized a mind trained in Jewish traditions and rich with Jewish ethical and spiritual idealism. "Only Israel furnished a possible background for the teachings of Jesus," declared Morrison.

Then the long story of Jewish life in many ages and in many lands was touched upon. You saw the Jew become a cosmopolitan who appropriated the Greek culture in Alexandria. You watched the flowering of the Jewish mind in the golden age in Spain. And you looked upon terrible deeds of persecution in many a country. You watched the kings of the Middle Ages very ready to repent of their tolerance when they owed debts to wealthy Jews. You watched the bigotry of the world fasten upon a tortured race. Coming to Russia, you saw men of the old regime alertly watching. When the menace of revolution was near, you saw once and again the attempt to make people forget their desire for revolution in their concentration upon hatred of the Jew. And when, after massacre and ruthless destruction, this sort of attempt failed, you saw skillful and remorseless men turning the hatred of the Jew into a world-wide propaganda to further purposes of their own. There was an ample discussion of the *Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*. The contradictory accounts published with varied editions were carefully analyzed. The absolute absence of anything like real proof of their allegations was made plain.

"No jury would convict upon such evidence," declared Morrison. The assertion that "at the close of a series of secret meetings of influential leaders of the conspiracy, held under Masonic auspices, a woman stole from one of the most influential and highly initiated leaders of Freemasonry" the documents revealing the plot was quoted, and the fashion in which it was contradicted was emphasized. A few telling words were given to the relation between Jews and Bolshevism. It was pointed out that where masses of Jews lived Bolshevism was less easily successful in Russia. And the vigor of Anti-Bolshevistic leadership on the part of the Jews was shown. The sufferings of the Jews under the Bolshevist regime were made clear. In a clever aside Morrison quoted from Spargo the account of the absurd theory that the English are a part of the Jewish race and that the British government is the principal directing power of the Jewish conspiracy, and the fact that this theory, carefully omitted from every English translation, was reproduced in the 1905 Russian edition of the work of Nilus, to whom we are supposed to owe all our knowledge of the Protocols. The paper then turned to a tribute to some of the great Jewish thinkers

like Spinoza in the seventeenth century and Bergson in our own. It closed with a plea for that fair play upon which our very institutions rest. "If a Jew breaks a law, let him be punished like any other man," said Morrison. "But do not suspect him because he is a Jew. Do not hate him because he is a Jew. And do not let loose upon him the bitterness of that race hatred which has pursued him with such beastly fury almost all over the world." The last word of the paper was a picture of America as a land where men of every race and every religious belief may confidently expect to find justice and, even more, an outreach of that understanding sympathy which is brotherhood and makes for peace.

Bowen Tillman began the discussion. "Good work, my friend," he said. "Just the same, I wish rich Jews had had a little less to do with the corrupting aspects of the moving-picture business."

"I'm not defending all Jews," Morrison flashed back. "I am just contending that there is no Jewish conspiracy and that the race is still the source of rich and noble idealism."

Waldo Bryant spoke next.

"You commend the race to my judgment. But you will never commend some members of the race to my taste," he said.

"All of which might be said of any race," said Tom Tabor. "And add to that the ages of persecution. You must grow a race in a garden of flowers if delicacy is the thing you want most. If a race survives what would annihilate most races, you must expect it to have strength rather than grace. For all that, you can find the delicacy and the grace too in many a noble member of this racial group."

Baldwin Paxton was waiting to get in a word.

"We must never forget," he said, "that we ought to be more careful to be just if there are racial barriers. And we should be doubly sure of our evidence if we even suspect that we feel a touch of personal prejudice."

Coulton Moore said the last word of the day. "I've watched a good deal of practical social ministry in my time," he said. "The Jewish welfare work is a credit to our cities, and the Jews know how to sympathize and how to give. They knew how to die too, in the name of liberty of the world. And as Disraeli gave England brilliant service and helped it to see its own great destiny, so Jews have been ready

to love the land they made their own. They have their place in America. And we are only true to ourselves when we think of them as fellow Americans and not as members of a particular race."

VI. THE FURTIVE PEOPLE

The Club was having its last meeting before the summer vacation period. It was a very old-fashioned outdoor meeting. Leaving automobiles in the various garages at home the men had taken a trolley car, riding about twelve miles out from the city. Then they took a road which wound among the hills and finally pulled up at a rendezvous on the edge of a high bit of forest country. There was a wonderful view of hill and valley and river and the men flung themselves on the grass to drink it all in. Each member of the club had carried his own neatly packed box of provisions for the evening meal which would come a little later. For a time they were content to look upon the hills and the trees and all the fresh beauty of early summer and to let their eyes wander to the city which lay in the valley, seeming this bright and clear afternoon very distant and very still.

Coulton Moore was to read the paper of the day. He looked a bit more the Bohemian than usual with his dark, eager face, his deep,

flashing eyes and his slouch hat which he wore with a certain careless grace. The men had all found comfortable positions, and it was a good and hearty group upon which Coulton Moore looked as he removed his hat, took his paper from his inside coat pocket and prepared to read.

"My subject," he began in a curious half formal way he had which was in sharp contrast with his temperament as his friends came to know it. "My subject is 'The Children of Ishmael in America.' "

Waldo Bryant gave a little gesture of satisfaction followed by a half-audible ejaculation. The theme suited the place and the time and he settled back to listen to a man with a touch of wildness in his own blood as he described the life and habits of the underworld. Bryant declared sometimes that Moore was like Victor Hugo's character Javert, who had to be either a criminal or a detective, only in Moore's case the alternatives were an outlaw against society or a preacher who spent much of his time trying to save outlaws to civilization and to Christianity. But by this time Moore was reading.

He began by telling how years before he

had read Donald Lowrie's *My Life in Prison*, and of how it had roused his mind to the experience of those who spent years in the great American prisons. He told of his reading of the writings of Thomas Mott Osborne and of the intimate way in which he had followed the work of that Knight Errant for the Outcasts as it was carried on at Sing Sing. He spoke of Wellington Scott's *Seventeen Years in the Underworld* with its illuminating account of the processes by which an American boy can become a criminal and its convincing narrative regarding prison conditions as the author found them. Then he plunged into his own experiences with the furtive people. From this moment his hearers listened with rapt and eager interest. Moore had the natural gift of a story-teller, and as he moved from one big American city to another following the trail of his adventurous endeavors to win the men of the underworld his auditors felt that they were indeed entering a new world. He described many a visit to many a prison from Sing Sing on the East to San Quentin on the West, and as you followed him in and out of these great fortresses there was always the human touch, always the revealing insight.

With instinctive sympathy he seemed to discover the point of view of the man who has become the foe of organized society. You felt as if you were looking at the criminal from within and not from without. Or, as Benny Malone put it afterward, you felt as if you had become the criminal. There was an honest consideration of the bitter crimes and the loathsome vices which infest the underworld. But there was also the clearest sort of insistence that many a criminal fights a great moral fight to keep free from the darker things and there was an account of the code of morals of the crook which had a whimsical understanding of the type the reader was describing. The hours of torturing consciousness of what the criminal life means and the wistful loneliness hidden in the heart of many a crook were set forth with an insight which carried conviction. And the capacity for good hidden away in the cast-off lives of the children of Ishmael was described with a noble and passionate energy. Last of all, there were just a few stories of men outside the pale whom Moore had seen fight the good fight and win at last, leaving the furtive ways of the furtive people for the ways of integrity and good will.

The men sat quiet a little while in the late afternoon. James Clayton was gathering sticks and bits of wood together. Soon he had lighted a fire and in a few moments there was the aroma of coffee and other indications that an outdoor supper was being prepared.

Baldwin Paxton was the first to speak:

"I confess that I am afraid of that sort of thing," he said. "It's a bit too much like taking down the walls. It has taken centuries to achieve an orderly world and I can't see but the man who refuses to be a part of it must pay the penalty. Thomas Mott Osborne won the friendship of criminals. I am not so sure that he won them to a permanent reformation."

"Would you say the same thing of Maude Ballington Booth?" inquired Morris MacDonald.

"Of course there's a big difference," admitted Paxton. "And I've no doubt she has done much good. But when I hear her speak I feel once and again as if her heart is nearer to the prisoner than to society."

"Thank God," said Hunter Morrison, fervently.

Bowen Tillman was holding a tiny bit of

bacon near a bright bit of blaze. He turned to enter the conversation with results not at all conducive to the attractiveness of the bacon for the palate. But he went on undisturbed.

"I really do believe we have been thinking with too much sentimentality of the criminal class." He smiled a little ruefully. "I thought I was a fairly good judge of human nature. But only last month I lost twenty-five dollars because I believed the story of a plausible confidence man. I am beginning to think that a little sternness is the best kindness."

Monroe Burton blazed into the discussion just at this moment with a good deal of intensity.

"I wonder if some of you men have ever been on a commission which investigated conditions in one of the old type of prisons. I had that experience and I haven't talked about sentimental treatment of criminals since. If I had to go through what some of these poor chaps endured, I would be very much afraid of the consequences. Many a prison has taken a man who had made a bad mistake and has turned him into a brute. And it's a clear waste of the most valuable raw material in

the world. Of course a man must keep his head. But you needn't fear that you'll corrupt a criminal if you show him that you have a human heart." James Clayton now found time to enter the lists, though it was with a very gentle word.

"There are little homes in the country from which many of them come," he said. "One of my boys came back last winter. He was all broken and full of despair. Life had been too much for him. And he wore his terrible memories of prison like a uniform in his haggard face." He waited a moment. Then a rare smile kindled all his countenance. "He's found his way now. Every day he walks a little more firmly. And we are all standing ready to help."

Now the supper was served and for a while the talk turned to other things.

Then before the men started home Coulton Moore had his final word for the day. It consisted of three pictures. One was a memory of Mrs. Booth, mother to so many motherless men, pouring out her love of goodness and her hatred of evil and her belief in the redemption of men in words which glowed with power while fifteen hundred men sat spell-bound in

a great prison. One was the story of the old crook who had forgotten how to weep when, one day, he saw Thomas Mott Osborne walking through the aisle of the prison wearing the prison garb and submitting to all the unlovely experiences met by the men under sentence. The innocent man in stripes broke the hard heart of the old criminal whom nothing else could reach. The last picture was of a "yegg" reclaimed after years and years of crime and standing a test which made its appeal to every instinct of his old lawless days. As he stood victor in that hour you saw a hope for him and for all his kind.

"I know a man may say that it is dangerous to generalize from individual cases," admitted Moore. "But in these matters you can't leave the concrete man and his victory out of account. And one man who succeeds is more significant than a dozen who fail."

"And what is the secret of success?" inquired Henry Alton.

"Sometimes a man finds a friend," replied Moore with a thrill in his voice. "And sometimes he finds an open door of opportunity. And sometimes he learns to pray."

By this time the men were ready for the

long walk through the light of the late afternoon. Benny Malone was unusually sober. He muttered half to himself as he walked along. "I'll have to find a son of Ishmael when I get back to town."

Coulton Moore overheard him.

"Go to it, old man," he said. "When enough men do it we'll decrease the tribe of Ishmael in the world."

VII. COMMERCE AND CHARACTER

Tom Tabor was to read the paper of the day.

"It's all the fault of my boy, Tom the Third." He began. "He has been carrying Webster's *General History of Commerce* under his arm and telling me what a wonderful time the class has been having with that book in his school. The teacher must be a wizard. He has these boys sailing imaginary ships in all the seas and delivering cargoes in all the ports. Well, I couldn't let this son of mine get so far ahead of me. So I read Webster's book. Then I really got interested. So I bought Professor Clive Day's *History of Commerce* and read it with no end of enjoyment. About that time Professor Van Metre published his *Economic History of the United States*. I was all ready for it and read every page as if it had been an engrossing novel. Then I got hold of one or two commercial geographies. I followed them with more general discussions, always paying particular attention to what was said about the commercial life of the various peoples

in the various stages of their history. And out of it all has come this paper. My subject is, 'Commerce and Character.' "

"Prepare for the apotheosis of the *status quo*," muttered Hunter Morrison under his breath

"The tradesman invades the minister's sanctum," threw out Waldo Bryant.

But Tom Tabor was perfectly undisturbed. He waited for complete quiet and then he began his paper.

He struck a high note at the very beginning by advancing the claim that trade began when men discovered that they could do for each other what they could not do for themselves. The paper was really a tale of many cities. You watched the bustle and hurry on the streets of ancient Nineveh. You felt the pulse of Athens when it was a mistress of commerce as well as a mistress of art. You saw the manifold roads leading toward Rome filled with merchandise as well as echoing to the feet of hard-faced soldiers. You saw the growth of the commercial life of the Italian cities of the Middle Ages. And even as you felt their artistic splendor so you responded to the skill of their merchants with their wide lying trade. You moved about among the

cities of the Hanseatic League as it became an empire of buying and selling and a political power as well. You followed the growth of the new commerce after the great age of discovery. You followed in the ways of Portugal during its days of powerful commerce. You were fairly dazzled by the brilliancy of the golden hour in the commercial life of Spain. You watched Holland make its buying and selling an effective instrument of power. Then you surveyed the great struggle between France and England. It was a political struggle. It was a religious struggle. And in a very real way it was also a commercial struggle. And both in Asia and in America England was triumphant. You watched the emerging of the New Republic. You felt the quality of its life as a carrying nation during the earlier stages of the Napoleonic wars. You followed its activities in a later day when its clipper ships were the most wonderful carriers in all the world. Then you watched the steam power of England drive the clipper ship from its place of power on the sea. You surveyed the building of great sea giants and the spreading of a network of rails over all the continents. You saw the machine age transform production

just as the new transportation transformed the delivery of manufactured goods. Before the World War you saw the railroad mileage of the world reach a total of over six hundred thousand miles. You saw the world's output of coal become a billion and a third of tons in 1912. You saw the world's total registered merchant tonnage reach nearly forty-seven million tons in 1913. In this same year of 1913 you saw the world's trade reach the sum of about forty-two billion dollars.

Turning from this array of facts and figures and pictures of trade, Tom Tabor brought his paper to a close with a brief but trenchant analysis. "A civilization is only safe," he declared "when its growth in production and distribution is paralleled by its growth in integrity. Character must keep pace with commerce. The tragedy of the modern world lies just in the fact that the two steeds have not gone down the road together. Our prosperity has outrun our integrity. Our commerce has developed more rapidly than our character." There were clear and vivid illustrations of what the author of the paper meant by these generalizations, and then there was a final word as to the significance of the Christian Church as

a great producer and distributor of character. This was the last sentence: "The church deals in the one commodity of which the modern world stands in most desperate need."

Bowman Tillman opened the discussion:

"There is a devotee of Babson in my church who would like to read that paper," he declared. "And for my part I am immensely grateful to Tabor for putting the church where it belongs in the great economic structure."

"That's just the question," broke in Hunter Morrison. "Where does the church belong? Is it to be the perpetual servant of the present order with all its inequalities, or is it to help to produce a new order which shall really reflect the will of God in the economic life? It seems to me that Tabor has taken us right up to the edge of the critical matters and then has closed his paper. He has not told us whether commerce in the present order can be made Christian."

Fletcher Hilton was ready with a characteristic word:

"Any system will break down which is not based upon individual integrity at last," he said. "And with all its faults our present system has unrealized possibilities of good when

it is administered by men whose personal character has developed a sense of social responsibility."

Morris MacDonald looked on a little whimsically at this bit of thrust and counterthrust so typical of the two men. Then he took up the discussion:

"As I have been listening to Tabor I have been thinking all the while of an invisible commerce which he did not mention. I could see not only the bales containing all the material wares of trade, but the vast treasures of the mind which have been carried about on all the ships and on all the routes of trade. The commerce in ideas has often been far more important than the commerce in things."

"And I would like to carry that a step farther," said James Clayton. "There is a commerce in the things of the conscience and the things of the spirit which has changed the face of the world. When Paul embarked in a Mediterranean grain ship something more important was on board than all the food supplies. When merchants with packs on their backs told the story of the Christian religion to ladies in far fortresses while they showed their silks and laces, a commerce in ideals of life was being

carried on which was to have its own share in the making of the modern world. When Pacific steamers carry prophets with the flame of the Christian passion in their hearts to the waiting East they carry destiny with them."

Henry Alton had a quiet light in his eye as he listened. Now he spoke that last word of the day's discussion.

"We need them all," he said. "The merchants in things and the merchants in ideas and the merchants in ideals. We need them all together thinking and struggling and working. We must be clear-eyed and honest and steady. We must be as conservative as ancient good. We must be as radical as newly discovered truth. We must remember that no group has a monopoly in the possession of truth. It will require all the experience and all the idealism of all the groups to bring in the better day. The prophet of scorn is sure to despise something which he needs for the completion of his own work. Numberless merchants who go about with good will as their commodity must help us to live together patiently, to understand each other with friendly sympathy. And then we can create the structure upon which the nobler commerce of the future will rest."

VIII. THE CREATIVE PAST

Benny Malone had been converted to the study of history. It began with H. G. Wells. He read the *Outline of History* with feverish interest. Then he read Breasted's *Ancient Times*, and Robinson's *Medieval and Modern Times*, hurrying through them to use his own phrase, "sixty miles an hour." When Professor Van Loon's *Story of Mankind* was published he threw himself into it as if it had been a thrilling tale of adventure—"as it is," he declared. Then he got hold of that ripe and thoughtful little book, *The Living Past*, by F. S. Marvin, and perused it with fascinated interest. Borrowing from the knowledge of more erudite friends, he secured masterly volumes which captured the very meaning of great periods like that of fifth-century Athens and thirteenth-century Europe and the period of the Renaissance and the Protestant Revolt and the French Revolution and the new industrial age. Then when his mind was full of the movement of it all he wrote a paper for the club.

The men were in high good humor that day.

Hunter Morrison began the chaffing as they took their places about the table.

"I can guess Benny's secret," he declared. "He's going to take us into the mind of Max Eastman and there discover all the long hidden mysteries of the philosophy of humor."

"I didn't know radicals had a sense of humor," put in Waldo Bryant.

"You prefer the glittering mental swordplay of magnates who are suffocated by their own magnificence," Morrison flashed back with delighted malice.

"I prefer to hear Malone read a paper on 'Salvation by Mirth,' " responded Bryant. "He knows all sorts of secrets of conquering evils by making them ridiculous. If you can get a man to laugh at a thing with scornful disdain he is free from its power. If you can get a sulking angry man to laugh, he forgets his wrath."

"Who's going to read this paper?" interrupted Baldwin Paxton.

By this time the men were all in their places and Malone began.

"My subject is, 'The Momentum of History.' "

He gave a tiny preliminary cough. Then he embarked on his first paragraph.

"The past has been buried a good many times. But it has never died. You think

you are through with it. But you never are. As a matter of fact, the past hasn't happened. It has only begun to happen. And the future is not yet to come. It is partly over. And the present is a mixture of what has been and what is yet to be——"

"Shades of Gilbert Chesterton!" Bowen Tillman burst out.

Malone went on: "The past has gotten up steam. It can't stop. It is in process of running away with the world. If a man really starts something, he's more alive after he is dead than he was when he walked about in the flesh. You can manage the living people if you just know what to do with the ghosts."

By this time the paper itself had gained a fair amount of momentum and the members of the club leaned forward a little as Benny Malone went on with what one of them afterward described as a canter through history.

He began with creatures in the water and described the adventure of those who made the great experiment of living upon the land. He spoke whimsically of the pensive memories of those whose fins had turned into arms. He painted a graphic picture of the fearful courage with which an early man watched a fire kindled

by lightning, drew near to it, and with shuddering daring fed it and kept it alive in the world. He moved with galloping steps through the old stone age, the new stone age, and on to the period when civilization appears in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates and in the valley of the Nile. He pictured the early Phœnicians building their ships, and at last with an audacity of heroism staying out of sight of land in the dark of the night rowing all the while and coming to another shore on another day. He put clearly that old struggle as the Greeks took the sea power away from the Phœnicians. And it was almost as if Waldo Bryant had been speaking as he told of that great flowering of the human spirit whose beauty and fragrance have made the fifth century in Athens immortal. He swept through the period of the rise of the great power north of Greece and eagerly followed Alexander the Great in his conquests. He paused to watch the growth of Rome and its fight to the death with Carthage. He drew a far-flung picture of the grandeur of the Empire and stood in silent awe in a little town not far from the eastern Mediterranean coast to listen to the first cry of a child whose voice is

to speak a new word of hope for the world. Moving back, he traced the coming of the Barbarians and then on to the break-up of Rome, the rise of feudalism and the imperial dream of Charlemagne. He outlined the story of the Holy Roman Empire with its struggles between mighty Popes and mighty emperors. The Crusades captured his imagination. The new life in Europe was like new life in his own soul. The love of beauty in the south and the love of goodness in the north spelled out the story of the springtime of the world. You watched great nations rise and struggle. You watched brave sailors discover new continents. You surveyed the beginnings of political liberty and the first struggling steps of democracy. You saw the birth of science. You listened to the whir of the machines which were to make a new world. You watched many a movement of the mind and many a struggle of the human spirit. And then you found yourself in all the bitter convulsions of the world war. And out of it all you came trailing clouds of glory and ignominy, with a heritage of love and hate, of good and evil, with the past blowing by you like a whilrwind to make the future which is to be.

"Whew!" cried Tom Tabor as the paper closed. "Let me get my breath!"

"Help me to catch hold of something," said Monroe Burton, "so that I can stop."

"That may not be scholarship but it is life," declared Morris MacDonald in open admiration.

Then the men leaned back in their chairs for a moment. And after that Baldwin Paxton began:

"It all made me think of H. G. Wells' little book on the *Salvaging of Civilization*. It's all very wonderful and I wish a great many people knew about it. But, after all, is that really a movement in the direction of saving the world? If everybody knew all that Malone has told us and ever so much more, would it bring the day of better things any nearer?"

"It would at least mean that people would have a great fund of common knowledge about which they could talk," declared Hunter Morrison. "And if a man with a message came along, there would be a great mass of common mental experience to which he could appeal. The world needs an intellectual common for all just about as much as it needs anything else."

"People could hardly know all these things without thinking about them," ventured Tom Tabor. "And out of such thought all sorts

of good things might come. The world can't do much work on an empty stomach. And it can't do much work on an empty mind."

"As a matter of fact," said Waldo Bryant, "the more you know about the past the larger amount of material you have to misinterpret. If you have any panacea, you can write the history of the world in such a way that it seems to make just that remedy inevitable. A knowledge of history is a great thing. But it won't bring the millennium. It may just bring a more brilliant chaos."

Morris MacDonald was now ready to speak. And his words proved the last for the day.

"In the long run the laboratory does its work if men really know about the experiments. It is only when an old failure is forgotten that we make the same mistake again. Any particular generation may have a brilliant chaos and try to justify it by history. But if the men of good will age after age know the significant elements in the past, you do get forward. Of course you have to keep making men of good will. And that is the reason that the New Testament contains the most significant series of documents which come out of the past."

IX. THE COLOR SCHEME OF THE WORLD

Bowen Tillman had been reading Lothrop Stoddard's *Rising Tide of Color*. The book captured his imagination. He perused it with a sort of fascinated dislike. For days he found it difficult to think of anything else. He got hold of other literature on the same subject. He sat in his study late at night thinking of the problem. He went among the varied peoples whom his own cosmopolitan parish served with many thoughts about the races surging in his mind. Then he reduced his thinking and his reading to a paper for the club.

It was a clear cold winter's day when the men came together and each one seemed to bring in some of the hard, vigorous tonic of the outer air. Soon overcoats were laid aside amid the exchange of vigorous greetings, and, mellowed by the warmth of the room, the members of the Club sat about the table waiting for the order of the day.

Bowen Tillman had the presence of an orator

and a voice whose varied and alluring modulations had their own share in holding the congregation of his great church. Even when he read he forgot his manuscript and addressed an invisible audience gathered all about the little group of listeners who chanced to be with him.

"My subject," he said, "is 'The Color Scheme of the World.' "

There was a dangerous light in the eye of Benny Malone, but he resisted the temptation to interrupt.

"The world now contains about a billion seven hundred million people," began Tillman. "Roughly speaking five hundred and fifty millions of them are white, five hundred millions of them are yellow, four hundred and fifty millions of them are brown, a hundred and fifty millions of them are black and forty millions of them are red. There are two colored men for every white man in the world. At the beginning of the sixteenth century there were about seventy millions of white people in the world. The last four hundred years have been the great period of expansion and growth of power for the white race. When the Great War broke out the white race controlled practically nine tenths of the territory of the world."

After this preliminary plunge into a sea of figures Bowen Tillman described the growth of the white race and the expansion of its influence. He discussed its contributions to art and letters and the practical sciences. He showed how it produced the industrial revolution which transformed the life of the world. Then he placed the races as to their present distribution: the yellow race principally in Asia, the brown race in southern Asia and northern Africa, the black race primarily in Africa, and the red race in the southern part of North America and in South America; the white race in Europe and North America and Australia and, as far as lordship is concerned, in much of the remainder of the world. He spoke of the easy and assured mastery of the white race, of its almost insolent consciousness of race superiority and the power for sustained dominance. Then he turned to the war between Japan and Russia as the amazing event which revealed the capacity of a people belonging to the yellow race to defeat a people belonging to the white race. He described the fashion in which the thrill of that achievement went through the world of color. Then he described the suicidal character of the

World War when nations of the white race fought each other on a scale unparalleled and brought in men of color to slay their white foes. He analyzed the world unrest following the war, when every race began to cherish the hope through its own power or by means of some alliance to have a share in limiting the dominion of the white masters of the world. He appraised the strength and ambition of Japan, the mighty stirrings among the forces of Islam, the new and sharp race consciousness among Negroes, and even the cool, observant watchfulness of the red man, ready to have his share in any new alignment of the forces of the world.

It was all done at a white heat of personal interest and it was easy to see that he was carrying his hearers with him. Then Tillman turned to the one great question—the relation of all this to the progress of the Christian forces of the world. He used bold and bitter words to picture the horror of that war of remorseless and savage races struggling for the possession of the world, the war toward which we are drifting unless the forces of sanity and good will and justice and brotherhood can come into control of the destinies of men. He

spoke of the missionary enterprise as the one hope for the safety of the world. He described that mobilization of the forces of all Christendom which would pour the energies of the civilization created by Christ into the greatest of all endeavors, the endeavor to win the world for a permanent life of good will. He closed with two burning sentences: "Racial rivalry and hatred pursued to their bitter end will destroy civilization. The principles of Jesus, if accepted, will make it possible for the races to live together in the same world with mutual respect and with permanent friendliness."

There was a little period of rather tense quiet when the paper had been read. Then Baldwin Paxton broke the silence:

"I'm afraid the problem is even more difficult than Tillman made out," he said. "It is easy to talk about good will. But with something like sixty million Japanese living in territory whose productive area is about the size of the State of Montana and crying out for room while the civilized world goes about the task of closing doors in all the continents, you have a hard set of economic facts which will not yield to sentiment."

"Opening the doors would only be a temporary alleviation," said Monroe Burton. "You would lower the standard of living wherever the doors were opened, and that relentless old law of Malthus teaches us that the land of larger opportunity would soon fill up, and then there would be just the same pressure in a depleted world."

Hunter Morrison sprang into the discussion at this point: "A scientific nation may not find Malthus so relentless," he said. "The only way to prevent the nations from economic war at last is by the control of the fertility of the races. Overproduction is more than a folly; it is crime."

"France has learned the secret of limiting the birth rate all too well. And France doesn't need to know that secret. China and Japan have not learned it at all. And it is the secret they need most of all to know." It was Coulton Moore who threw this remark into the cauldron of discussion which was fairly seething by this time.

Waldo Bryant now spoke up:

"It is all being complicated by the writers of the flashing and flaming sentences which the public likes to read," he said. "Recently

a novelist of little literary distinction but with an astonishing popular vogue has written an attack on Japanese character whose inhuman brutality is almost unbelievable. And multitudes of people have their opinions formed by just such writers. The problem is desperate enough if we all keep our heads. And that is just what some writers would prevent."

Tom Tabor was knitting his brow as the discussion went on. Now he spoke. "There are a good many people in California and British Columbia and Australia who will tell you that you face the eloquence of very ugly facts when the bars are let down. I don't wonder that some of them become hectic. The lowering of the standard of living simply means the driving out—indeed, the destruction at last—of the higher type of civilization."

There was now a good deal of rapid cross-fire discussion. And then there was an expectant quiet as Henry Alton spoke.

"Nobody can deny the difficulties of the situation," he said. "And the thoughtful know that the fuse is laid to many a dangerous explosive. But just because race hatred means the destruction of what is good in all the races the real statesmen of every race are eager to

find a way. The invasion of the Orient by the moving wheels of our modern machines is a step toward that common life for all the world which will have its own bearing at last on the economic pressure. Slowly but inevitably we will move toward a life for all the world where the workers of one land will not be capable of underselling the workers of another. The new transportation and the factories are already transforming the Orient. There will be terrible labor struggles. But at last the economic life of the world will find that equilibrium in which there is a new promise of safety. Then with a scientific understanding of the relation between race productivity and the production of food and all material things a new equilibrium between the supply and demand of people and the necessities of life will be established. The patience to work and wait for this and the character to secure it must be provided by the motives of the Christian religion. I agree with Tillman that the missionary enterprise has at its heart and in its brain the hope of the world."

X. GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

During the latter part of the month of January most of the religious weeklies had been full of accounts of evangelistic services. And even the great dailies of the city had given a good deal of space to some of the more spectacular services held for the spreading abroad of the experience and practice of the Christian faith. New fires of devotion were burning everywhere and for a time religion had become the main topic of discussion among all classes of people in the great town. Fletcher Hilton was in his element. He conducted wonderfully effective evangelistic meetings in his own church. Then he gave himself unsparingly to helping other ministers in similar work. He looked a trifle thin but very much alive as he came to the meeting of the Club on the day when he was to read the paper. There was a hint of the light never seen on sea or land in his eye, but he carried himself with his usual quiet poise.

"I don't believe he has any paper," declared Tom Tabor as Hilton entered. "He's been

too busy conducting five meetings a day and eight on Sunday. He hasn't had time to put his pen on a page of paper."

"Evangelists do not need heads. They only need hearts," said Hunter Morrison.

"That's where you are completely wrong. It takes all the brains a man has to do a good piece of evangelistic work. And more brains than most of us are able to bring to the task would find use and opportunity. In any event I've read a book a week through all this period of special meetings. And the paper I am going to read to-day was finished last night."

"Bravo for Hilton!" cried Morris MacDonald, heartily. The minister who found time to read always roused the enthusiasm of this professor of systematic theology.

Hilton looked at him with a twinkle in his eye.

"Really I have a right to that bravo," he said. "I have read five books on doctrine in the last seven weeks. And one of them was *The Christian Faith*, by your old friend, Olin Alfred Curtis. That book is worth a whole course in theology to me."

By this time the men were all in their places. Hilton carefully took his paper from the inner pocket of his coat.

"My subject is 'A Napoleon of Evangelism,' " he began. "And I am going to ask you to consider the life of General William Booth."

Commissioner G. S. Railton's *Life of General William Booth* and the two fat volumes in which that powerful journalist, Harold Begbie, discusses the General had been read and mastered by Hilton. He had personal contacts with the work of the Army, and he reached out occasionally for a comment or an estimate from some contemporary writer. You had a feeling that he had written in love about a man whose career had captured his imagination and inspired his own life.

The paper began by reminding the listeners that in 1829, the year of the birth of William Booth, George the Fourth was on the throne of England and Andrew Jackson became the President of the United States. There was a brief account of the ambitious business man who lost everything in unfortunate speculation who was the father of Booth and of the proud, reserved woman nursing her humiliation when financial reverses brought hardship to the home: a mother whose memories were brighter than her hopes. It was not a religious home, and it is remarkable that out of it came the

mightiest exponent of evangelical religion whom the century produced. Hilton described the beginning of Booth's religious life in a vital and commanding personal acceptance and appropriation of the realities of evangelical piety when he was but a lad. He pictured his early efforts to win others to the faith which had given a new gladness to his own spirit. Then there was an account of his days and years of struggle, of the period when he was a Methodist minister, and of the fashion in which his vivid and eager spirit wrought in the midst of surroundings hardened by convention and secured results which both shocked and startled many of his brethren. The tale of his courtship of Catherine Mumford was told with hearty sympathy. You felt the virile intellectual power and sturdy will of the young woman and the combination of humble affection and flashes of masterfulness in the young man. You came at last to the crisis when Booth refused to compromise with a church which failed to give him a real standing room and with his wife embarked upon the unknown seas not knowing what the future would bring forth. You watched the first beginnings of the Salvation Army and its formal organiza-

tion in 1878. You were allowed to look into the soul of Booth and see the consuming passion for the least and the lowest and the last, a passion which mastered his mind, dominated his conscience, and swept through his heart in gales of ever-renewed intensity of feeling. You witnessed the strange and spectacular methods of the army. You watched its coming to blows with the liquor traffic. You saw the flash of its sword as it fought impurity. With utter abandon and with utter daring it set itself against those dark and disintegrating forces which destroy men and deplete civilizations. You saw the forces of evil gather their wrathful energies together for the complete undoing of this new foe. You were amazed at the fury and the malignity of the persecution. You were astonished at the sincere and good men who opposed the Army. Then you saw the clouds clearing. You saw the Army spreading all over the world. You saw its General recognized as one of the most distinguished men of his age. You saw Oxford give him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. You saw London in formal and splendid fashion give him the freedom of the city. You saw him welcomed in audience by the King of his own

land and by many another ruler. You saw him travel in triumph among the nations, everywhere received with amazing honor and reverence. And all the while you saw him busy perfecting his world-wide organization for bringing the gospel to those in darkest and most terrible need. You witnessed the beginning and growth of his social work until he was doing as much for the bodies as he was doing for the souls of men. You saw him bend under tragic grief, as when his wife died after years of intolerable suffering with a disease which stabs its victim with repeated and cumulative hours of pain. You saw him when, blind at last, he declared that he had tried to serve God and the people with his eyes and now he would try to serve God and the people without his eyes. You saw the coming of the last hour when the valiant old man, every inch a soldier and every inch a general, laid down his sword.

As he came to the close of the paper Hilton read passages from Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's poem "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" [1]:

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[1] Copyrighted by the Macmillan Company, Publishers.

"Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The saints smiled gravely and they said 'He's come'
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravoes from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion ridden, soul powers frail—
Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)"

Then in a few final words Hilton pictured Booth's vast dream of triumphantly evangelizing the whole world. With all his social work Booth never doubted that the fundamental matter is to bring every individual man and woman and child into right relations with God. Everything else comes from that. Dreaming this dream of world-wide evangelism Booth left his footprints on every continent. There are living monuments to his successful evangelism in every city in the world. He knew that if you give men a heart of peace and a heart of love and a heart of triumph, they can renew every aspect of the life of the world. He was the Napoleon of evangelists because he planned and worked upon a world-wide scale. His armies fought in every con-

tinent. They won victories wherever men felt the pain and the burden and the bewilderment and the tragedy of life. The sword of the great old General is at rest. But the fight is still on.

When the paper came to an end nearly every member of the club seemed to want to speak. Tribute and criticism, enthusiasm and depreciation mingled in their speech. Bowen Tillman was unqualified in his approval.

"Booth knew the secret. We must learn it from him," he said.

Waldo Bryant was full of hesitations.

"Why must you violate the canons of good taste in order to do what is good for the soul?" he asked.

Hunter Morrison mingled criticism and praise.

"I admire his social work," he said. "But what an old autocrat he was! The Czar was not so absolute."

Baldwin Paxton broke in unexpectedly here:

"You have to have authority if you are going to have efficiency," he said. "There is a kind of democracy for which you pay by being unable to do anything deep or permanent in the life of the world."

Coulton Moore was full of eager praise for the way in which Booth understood the people society never appreciates. "He had enough of the heart of a Bohemian to know that Bohemia produces princes," he declared.

Henry Alton now entered the lists.

"Men like Booth leave much for others to do. They are like men who plow. They turn up a good deal of soil which does not look very inviting. They are like men who sow seed. There is nothing particularly artistic about the seed or the soil. But they are necessary if you are going to have the beautiful and golden harvest which so charms the fastidious, æsthetic eye." He looked with a wry little smile at Bryant.

It was Hilton who added the final word.

"The wonder of the love of God never faded in the mind of Booth," he said. "He had the mind of a great organizer and he kept the heart of an eager child. It was the child's heart in him which spoke to the child's heart of the world."

XI. "SAINT WILLIAM AND THE DRAGON"

Baldwin Paxton was usually calm. He was more than that. He was precise. He was meticulous in the carefulness of his writing and even of his speech. But to-day there was a little flush of red in his cheek. There was an unusual vibrancy in his voice. And some of his sentences betrayed an unusual inrush of feeling. It was evident that he was deeply stirred.

The Twelve Merry Fishermen sat about the table in characteristic attitudes. Usually a paper by Paxton was very informing but not at all exciting. Everybody came to the club feeling comfortable and friendly. They were going to have a good time and listen to a good paper. But the moment Baldwin Paxton announced his subject the men sat a little straighter and a new interest came into their eyes.

"I shall discuss 'The Attack on Science,' " the reader of the day began.

Baldwin Paxton was more than familiar with the history of his subject. He began with a general outline in which he was obviously much indebted to Dr. Andrew D. White's

History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom, and in dealing with the latter part of the nineteenth century he reflected something of the mood and method of Professor William North Rice's *Christian Faith in an Age of Science*. He paid loving tribute to the life and labors of Charles Darwin, referring with much appreciation to the fine influence of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman's book *Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers*. Step by step he moved through the story of the struggles of the great representatives of precise observation and accurate thinking from the days of Roger Bacon through the time of Galileo on to the storm which burst about the head of the scientific thinkers in the last half of the nineteenth century. It was evident that devotion to the finding and the expressing of truth was a central part of the religion of Baldwin Paxton. The great scientists were his saints. The men who obstructed their path were the men of evil spirit whose influence should be cast out of the world. He spoke of the infinite patience of scientific investigation, of its noble hesitation and caution, of the fashion in which slowly and with endless pains the significant facts were collected and at last upon a sound

foundation the structure of generalization was built. He told the tale of the superstitions cast out by science and the new and helpful knowledge which science has poured bountifully into the lap of humanity. He pictured science as a priestess who was to save the world from ignorance and folly and failure and point the way to stable and orderly life. Then he came to the matter which it was evident had inspired the paper. He took up the attack Mr. William Jennings Bryan has put forth in many places and ways, perhaps most characteristically in the James Sprunt Lectures, published under the title *In His Image.* The position of Mr. Bryan was summed up in his own words: "I have called attention to the destructive influence exerted by the doctrine of evolution, as applied to man, and have pointed out how Darwinism weakens faith in God, makes a mockery of prayer, undermines belief in immortality, reduces Christ to the stature of a man, lessens the sense of brotherhood, and encourages brutishness." From this summary Paxton proceeded to a close analysis of the chapter of Mr. Bryan's book dealing with the origin of man. He declared that Mr. Bryan confused every issue he raised, set in

false light the movements he discussed, and showed himself completely unable to understand the scientific mind and the scientific method. He described Mr. Bryan's views of the Bible as a set of mechanical conceptions which could not be brought to the test provided by the biblical documents and could not survive even a little candid investigation. Then he came as near to being eloquent as was ever possible to this quiet man with his precise mind as he described the larger universe, the larger thought of man, and the more vital thought of God which the general position of scientific evolutionists has made possible. "Science has rescued the Bible from the artificial hair-splitting of scholasticism. It has rescued theology from the barren distinctions of an arid type of metaphysics. It has put a growing man in a vast and potential world. And it has revealed a mighty and orderly universe in which it is easy for the Christian to find a mightier and more worthy God than he ever knew before."

So the paper closed. And there was the light of a great eagerness for talk in the eyes of every one of the men who sat about the table. It was Tom Tabor who began:

"I haven't any illusions about Mr. Bryan," he said. "I think he has a provincial mind attached to a gift for rhetoric and a capacity for the coining of clever phrases. But that isn't all there is of Mr. Bryan. And I don't like to lose the man in the Don Quixote. He isn't all the while fighting windmills. There is a wealth of shrewd, homely wisdom about him. He is sound about every fundamental matter of morals. And if you leave out one or two chapters and an occasional paragraph the book *In His Image* is packed with the sort of sound practical talk it is good for young men to hear. I don't think Saint William can conquer the modern dragons, but I do think he's a good, solid man for all that."

"All of which makes him the more dangerous when he is in a field of which he knows less than nothing," broke in Hunter Morrison, bitterly. "I am not keen about the type of decadent criticism represented by a book like *Main Street.* But a man like Mr. Bryan reminds us that there is a Main-Street mind whose provincial cocksureness and untutored egotism is a menace to the intellectual life of the republic."

"I suppose you would prefer the emancipation of H. L. Mencken with a world which

smiles in superior wisdom at the Ten Commandments to the moral order in which Mr. Bryan believes that he lives," threw in Fletcher Hilton, in a tone whose caustic cut was relieved by the friendly light in his eye.

Bowen Tillman entered the lists at the moment.

"That is just part of the tragedy of the whole situation. It isn't true that only a provincial can be a man of moral passion. But a man like Mr. Bryan makes it easy for a good many perplexed young people to think that it is so. And it is a travesty on the facts to claim that only a man who refused to live in the modern world can believe in the power of God and the potency of Christ. But Mr. Bryan puts many a person in the position of supposing that this is true. He is raising false dilemmas all the while. Again and again he says 'this or that' when he ought to say 'this and that.' "

Monroe Burton was listening intently. Now he spoke.

"I am interested in Mr. Bryan rather as a symptom than as a physician," he said. "And I find him a very significant symptom. He represents the impatience of the popular mind

with all thinking which robs life of inspiration and depletes its moral vigor and lessens its spiritual dynamic. His diagnosis may be incorrect. He may misplace his attack. But he does reflect an actual situation. And we must get a correct diagnosis and deal with the disease in an adequate way."

Fletcher Hilton spoke again: "I was interested in the bitter attack upon Darwin which one finds in Harold Begbie's *Life of General William Booth.* He surely represents a very different type of mind and a much more cosmopolitan spirit. Yet he too hurled his spear in the direction of the author of the *Descent of Man.*"

Baldwin Paxton spoke a little more quickly than was his wont.

"Of course Darwin could not say everything. And, of course, one method unchecked and unsupplemented does become dangerous. Nietzsche represents one Darwinian principle gone mad. But it is not right to blame Darwin for that. Prince Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid* gives you the supplementing principle and would save any man from the mistakes of Nietzsche. With all his wide reading Begbie goes off on a tangent when he talks of Darwin."

Morris MacDonald was smiling a little in

his quiet way. And when he spoke the men were willing to let him have the last word of the afternoon.

"It is necessary to discriminate. There is a science which sees in the uniformities of nature the expression of a mechanical and self-sufficient system of impersonal forces. There is a science which sees in the laws of nature the methods of God. One would slay the ethical and spiritual life of the world. The other will enrich it. There is a view of evolution which always interprets the higher in the terms of the lower. It deserves rather hard words. There is a type of evolution which always interprets the lower in the terms of the higher. It is in happy harmony with every sanction of the Christian faith. There is a view of the Bible which treats it as a corpse in order to dissect it. There is a view of the Bible which regards it as a living organism of spiritual power, and with all its remorseless analysis and study never forgets the informing and inspiring spirit. Science may be destructive and it may be constructive in all of these things. Scientists are like poets. There are a good many kinds. And you cannot attack poetry because of the bad poets."

XII. THE SCHOLAR AND THE PROPHET

Somebody had been criticizing theological seminaries. In fact, a number of people had been saying and writing things which the most optimistic and friendly person could not call complimentary. Caustic and clever articles had been appearing in widely read weeklies, and popular masters of the platform had been having their own easy and quickly applauded fling. The schools of divinity were under fire. Morris MacDonald was much stirred by it all, and it was in the midst of the little storm that he came to the club with a paper on "The Scholar and the Prophet."

The men sat about the table in attitudes which expressed a good deal of relish. MacDonald was always thoughtful with a brilliant edge of fire blazing about the thought. And when he was really roused you could see mighty combat in the fiery furnace of his mind.

He began by describing the shrewd and vital eloquence of the men of the pioneer period. You felt their nearness to all the hard actualities of that primitive life. You sensed

the rugged strength of their bodies. You saw the human heartiness of their bearing and the easy comradeship which came from their perfect understanding of the life about them. And you felt the impact of that simple and childlike faith which entered the very Holy of holies and came back entirely sure of God and able to speak of him with commanding authenticity.

Then MacDonald described the development of more highly articulated forms of life. He followed the trails of that expanding activity which conquered a continent and made the way for a more sophisticated civilization. Then he flung out upon larger highways and described the revolutions which were affecting the intellectual life of the whole world. He held particularly to the story of the critical analysis of the documents which go to make up the Old Testament and the New. The unearthing of J. E. D. and P. in the Hexateuch, the mining in that mighty mass of prophecies which is called the book of Isaiah, and the discovery of the great unknown prophet of the exile were discussed. Then in rapid and trenchant phrase the hearers were carried through the outstanding matters of debate in

the criticism of the books which come from the older and the newer dispensation. All this was seen as a by-product of that scientific movement of the human mind whose great devotion was accuracy and whose high enthusiasm was the candid following of truth wherever it led. He moved out into a discussion of that historical science which is based upon an almost microscopic consideration of all the source materials and upon the basis of the most prolonged and careful appraisal of the materials, a gradual and sure rising to those generalizations which constitute the structure of history as it moves toward completion. It is in this atmosphere that the well-trained college man of to-day lives and moves and has his being. Such a man sits in the pew and a man with the same training and a man who understands all of his passwords must be in the pulpit. It is the task of the contemporary theological seminary to train the student formed in this modern mold in such a fashion that he will come forth a prophet.

That there are certain intrinsic difficulties must be frankly admitted. The mood of meticulous and detailed accuracy of observation and of poised judicial estimate is not just that of

the passionate interpreter of a flaming passion. Professor Paul Shorey's notable phrase, "the passionate pursuit of passionless perfection," is at least capable of being interpreted as the description of a process which might eventuate in the production of an exquisite marble statue but hardly in a man pulsing with the passionate energy of a great evangel. There may seem to be a deep gulf fixed between the expert scholar fearing nothing so much as the fleck of a personal prejudice upon his judgment and the flaming herald blowing all the trumpets which call into action the deepest feelings of men. As a matter of fact, however, the prophet is never safe without the scholar. And the scholar is never safe without the prophet. Scholarship without the fires of a great enthusiasm for commanding ideals becomes hard and cold and scholastic. It becomes the petty preoccupation with insignificant details. It becomes a double entry bookkeeping of the mind which has lost creative enthusiasm and discriminating insight. And prophecy without scholarship becomes a thing of overgrown and tropical luxuriance, a mood of hot feeling untutored and untempered by the discipline of a careful regard for facts and patient pursuit

of truth. It becomes hectic and fanatical at last and loses the respect and regard of sober and solid men. The theological seminary is to perform the nuptials of poise and passion. It is to inspire the accuracy of the painstaking scholar and the passion of the enthusiastic messenger of the evangel.

There is only one way in which this can be done. The student who is learning to know truth through the discipline of patient research must all the while be learning to know God in the honest wonder of a personal fellowship. The growth of his mind power to classify facts must at every point be paralleled by the growth of his inner life in the apprehension of the eternal realities. It is the glory of the true school of divinity that in its halls scholarship is baptized with devotion and spiritual passion is stabilized by patient research and unhesitating candor of mind. The man who unites the accuracy of the scholar and the creative energy of the man who has learned the secrets of the inner communion has the future of the church and the inspiration of the world in his hands.

The final paragraphs of MacDonald's paper were taken up with a sharp rebuke of those

who would chain the mind of the church and of the other group which would discredit all the insight of the hour of the hidden communion. Then in words quick with his own conviction he portrayed the work of the school alive in mind and in heart which trained the preachers and the leaders of a fearless church, a church fearless in mind because it saw before it always the presence of its living Lord.

The men were not quick to speak at the close of the paper. But at length Bowen Tillman broke the silence.

"It was Dale who did the thing for me," he said. "I frankly confess that I came out of theological school a bit confused. Then I got into *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels*, and before I had finished it Dale had given me a platform upon which to stand. No doubt much has happened in New Testament criticism since that time. But I venture to believe that the fundamental principles announced in this book hold true in spite of all the changes through which we have passed."

"It was the lecture on 'Inspiration' in James Denney's *Studies in Theology* which gave me a standing ground," said Fletcher Hilton. "And as long as Denney lived he was a sort of light-

house to me. The prophet's passion and the scholar's careful research characterized him to the very end."

"If this is to be an experience meeting, Coleridge did it for me," added Waldo Bryant. "His one phrase, 'the Bible finds me,' marked an epoch in my life."

"And it was Peter Forsyth who helped me to find myself," said James Clayton. "One series of lectures which I heard him deliver gave me a knowledge of the path where I found both certainty and freedom."

"William Newton Clarke was my guide, philosopher and friend," said Hunter Morrison. "He joined sweetness and light and spiritual conviction in a way which gave me just what I needed."

"Henry Drummond gave me the clue," said Tom Tabor. "It was not so much anything he said as the attitude which he taught me. And that attitude has been the thing I have needed all the while."

"Lyman Abbott said the thing I needed 'in my hour of stress and strain,' " said Coulton Moore. "He did for me what Drummond did for Tabor. It was not ideas I needed. It was a spirit. And he gave me the spirit."

Benny Malone was chuckling quietly:

"I fancy different things were done by these different men. For they did live in rather different worlds," he said.

"At least," added Henry Alton, "these men all made it easier for eager truth-seeking minds to find a path in an age of transition. And it was a great service, different as were their methods and far apart as they were in many theological positions."

"But what about the divinity schools?" asked Benny Malone.

"They are sure to produce the scholars. We may have to help them to produce the preachers," said Fletcher Hilton.

There was a curious half-hostile light in Morris MacDonald's eye. But he said no more that day.

XIII. THE FAITH ONCE DELIVERED AND OFTEN INTERPRETED

The Lenten period was approaching and every man in the Club was busy in his own way with the task of preparing to show forth anew the vitality of the ancient faith in the new age. They held many different positions in matters of fundamental philosophy and in matters of method. But in each man's heart burned the fire of a deep devotion, and each was consumingly eager to be a compelling voice as well as a trusted guide in the church. So it came about that there was something subtly different about the atmosphere of the meeting as they gathered on this particular day. Perhaps this was partly owing to the fact that Morris MacDonald once again was to read the paper. He made his chair of systematic theology a place all shining with the wonder of the gospel, and quick with the sense of every potent movement in contemporary thought, and full of the energy of close and painstaking dialectic. When he came to the Club with a paper the men knew that in some

arresting fashion they would see the Eternal making itself at home in the midst of the temporal.

The typewritten manuscript which MacDonald held in his hand was a model of neatness and good typing. He was always fastidious about these things. Malone once declared that he had the mind of an intellectual viking and the precise habits of one's maiden aunt. His voice had a touch of that unconscious quality of authority which comes from years of research and thought and teaching.

Very quietly but with a certain arresting note in his speech MacDonald read his subject, "Three Little Books and the Changing World." The books were these: *The Reasonableness of the Christian Faith*, by Professor David S. Cairns, of Aberdeen; *The Divine Initiative*, by Professor H. R. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh; and *The Universality of Christ*, by William Temple, the Bishop of Manchester.

The paper began with a statement of the fashion in which each age inevitably produces its own interpretation of the Christian faith. This does not mean that a new faith is created for each age. There is a marvelous continuity in spite of all the differences. The Summa of

Saint Thomas Aquinas is different enough from the Institutes of John Calvin. But, after all, it is one faith about which they are talking. Yet, in spite of all the subtle continuity from Paul to Augustine and from Augustine to Luther, it remains true that the deep and throbbing experience of each age must be caught up and utilized by the interpreters of the Christian faith. Feudalism gives thought forms to Anselm and it is Hugo Grotius, the founder of international law, who interprets the death of Christ in the terms of public justice.

In every age Christianity comes to new power when once the men who understand and love the age and who also understand and love the Christian faith express the two together in words which speak in the very vernacular of the time and yet ring with the ageless splendor of the Christian religion. The three little books by Professor Cairns, Professor Mackintosh, and Bishop Temple show in an informal and yet in an earnest way how this work is being done to-day. And it is important to remember that each book had its origin in addresses delivered to groups of young university students eager to find their way in this fascinating and chaotic time.

MacDonald took time to call attention to the fashion in which each of the authors with whom he was dealing heartily accepted the accredited results of modern biblical scholarship and was cordially friendly to all the close and careful habits of the scientific mind. This friendliness did not mean an uncritical acceptance of any position propounded by some scientific authority. It did mean the most eager belief that there is no impassable gulf between the scientist and the Christian. There are not two kinds of truth in the world. There are two and more than two characteristic ways of approaching one truth. The eye and the ear do not fight because they have different processes of access to reality. As a matter of fact, each needs the other.

There was a brief characterization of each of the three books: the brilliant literary style of Cairns with its flashes of color and all his skill in showing that the riddle of the world was only made vaster by the rejection of Christianity, that science itself in all its creative work takes leaps of faith and then verifies by slow processes of testing the data, his triumphant conclusion that the one life and the one deed do release forces whose authenticity

can be verified in history—all these things were set forth with a certain vivid power. The lofty dialectic of Mackintosh, his marshaling of the elements of human need, his setting forth of the elements of the divine response, his portrayal of the human meeting of the deed of God in history, his masterly setting forth of the corporate quality of the Christian faith; this Calvinism refined and filled with generous human passion was presented by MacDonald with a certain passion of his own; then the closely wrought structure of Bishop Temple's philosophical argument was outlined: his vigorous contention that the universal must become concrete if it is to have any actual meaning in the life of men, that only spirit can interpret matter, that only love can express the universal in every conceivable human relationship—all this leading to the conclusion that there is the most definite possibility and actuality in respect of a universal religion; and concluding with the test of the work of the Christian faith on the field of history, asserting that negatively the un-Christian thing always goes down and that Christianity has renewed the world in just so much as it has been really taken seriously: the careful processes

of the highly trained thinker were reflected both in the material with which MacDonald dealt and the way in which he handled it. By many a happy detailed quotation he showed how the three men were at home in every aspect of contemporary thought and feeling and action, and how, in spite of their differences, they had the most amazing fund of things in common, and each had come to a perfectly fresh and commanding apprehension of the historic faith. The sense of the ultimate lordship of Christ, the sense of the unique potency of the deed on Calvary, the apprehension of the reign of personality, of the majesty of love and of the fellowship of a brotherhood of friendly men whose corporate life is to renew the word—these great and creative conceptions cease to be ideas as we read these books. They become luminous forces in the spiritual life. They become the creative inspirations of a new world. They become the supreme realities of experience.

When MacDonald had finished there was a rather prolonged silence. Henry Alton then opened the discussion:

"A paper like that makes one believe in the renaissance of theology," he said. "Of course

it will be so fresh and vital a theology that a good many people will not recognize it as theology at all. They will only know that it is wonderfully real and gripping and mastering."

Waldo Bryant spoke up:

"Cairns is a good illustration of the wedlock between literature and theology. When a man of letters whose style is dripping with the beauties of the ages thinks clearly about religion and writes about it, you have a style which is enough to capture the most inveterate hater of formal doctrine. The men of letters are at last to save the theologians."

"At last! Do you think a theologian with a style is a new phenomenon? Go back to Augustine!" said Tom Tabor, who was all the while enriching his life at the fountains of patristic learning.

"I'll admit the Confessions," replied Bryant. "But O the arid deserts through which theologians who did not know how to write have carried us!"

Baldwin Paxton was waiting to speak in his careful and precise way.

"It seems to me that all the three men mix up imagination and actuality. After all, there is a difference between a fact and a poem.

I do not find the metaphysics of an earlier period more attractive because expressed by men of charming speech who have mastered the scientific vernacular. After all, they are trying to put the old wine of early speculation into the new bottles. It is a dangerous experiment. I prefer to let the ideals of Jesus stand in their own right. Then his leadership is not endangered if I have to change my theory of his person or my philosophy of the universe."

"But that's just the point," said Fletcher Hilton. "You have to have a certain set of convictions about the nature of the universe and about Jesus himself if his ideals are to be kept authentic."

It was an old battle between the two, and each was content on this particular day with bearing witness to his position.

Hunter Morrison was now speaking:

"I like these men because they do see that man is more than an individual. They see that he is a society. Almost Mackintosh persuades me to become an evangelical." This last with a friendly and whimsical look at Fletcher Hilton.

Monroe Burton closed the discussion:

"I have read and reread these books," he

said. "And the thing which I remember most about them is this. Each author sees that al the aspects of life must be met and interpreted by a triumphant religion. And so it is the versatility of the Christian faith which they bring to the reader. It is not only as deep as the sorest tragedy. It is as many sided as life. It can interpret the mind and the conscience and the heart and the taste. These books made me see in a perfectly new way what a great thing it is to have the freedom of the city of God."

XIV. PHILOSOPHY, EXPOSITION, AND SOCIAL PASSION

Henry Alton was reading the paper of the day.

"My theme," he announced, tersely, "is 'A Synthetic Mind.' "

"By a man who never saw anything unsteadily or in fragments," interrupted Benny Malone.

The men sat expectantly in their chairs. "Alton is never so concrete as when he is dealing with principles, and never so universal as when he is dealing with individuals," Morris MacDonald had declared once. It was a combination which always stirred and roused the minds of his hearers.

"I am going to build what I have to say about the life of a vigorous leader whom you all know," began Henry Alton. "And the man is Bishop Francis J. McConnell."

There was a little movement of quickened interest at that. Then the men settled down to listen. The first part of the paper was distinctly biographical. It told the story of a

deep-eyed boy growing up in a Methodist parsonage, with a keen and masterful preacher as a father and a woman of brooding mysticism and solid strength of character as a mother. It followed the lad through college and into theological seminary. The theological seminary was the Divinity School of Boston University. And the days were those when that philosopher with the flashing mind and the tongue tipped with ironic flame, Dr. Borden P. Bowne, made his professor's chair an intellectual throne. It was the pungent wit of Professor Bowne which first attracted young McConnell. But soon his own mind was awakened and began to work as it had never worked before. No subtle trail of philosophical exploration was too difficult for the keen young thinker who responded to every intellectual challenge of his teacher with a sort of eager joy. It is one thing to be attracted by a great teacher and follow a few of his courses; it is quite another to give all the patient industry and all the long pursuit of technical attainment required to become the master of the point of view of a powerful thinker. It was the second thing which McConnell did. He became one of three or four men who in the

whole course of the teaching of Dr. Bowne made his teaching completely their own. It was no matter of slavish assent. There was independence and there was constant personal grapple. But the able young man was wise enough to see that it was worth his while to become entirely at home in every part of his teacher's system. And he made his own too the tale of the long pursuit of philosophical speculation from the days of the first inquiring Greeks. The whole process meant everything in the direction of the quickening of his own mind and the developing of his own intellectual life. It laid a foundation of solidity and strength for whatever mental work he might do in any field. Before long he was a pastor capable and able and devoted to his work. He had more than a touch of reserve. He was the pastor of men's minds more than of the surface life of thoughtlessness. But there was a flash of sympathy from the depths of his personality which had a way of shining out whenever there was the call of really deep need. About this time he began to be a writer of Biblical expositions. For years he interpreted the Sunday-school lessons for one of the widely circulated journals of the church.

His work was something new in exposition. He had the most astonishing way of passing by the incidental and finding the essential. His training in philosophical dialectic was now beginning to bear practical fruit. He had a straightforward, forthright way of writing. He never went out of his way for literary effect. But he did have a sense of the power of a haunting phrase, and you never read far until you came to some sentence literally gleaming with vital power. There was a keen moving and at times an ironic mind. There was an impatience with make-believe and rhetoric and hectic feeling. The writing was just a little hard sometimes. But it was always honest and it was always capable of kindling the mind of the reader. Nobody knows quite how great has been the service rendered by these expositions carried on through so many years. The years passed swiftly. Dr. McConnell became the able administrator of a growing university. Then he became a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Through it all his life as student and scholar was not allowed to suffer. Many books came from his pen as the years passed. Sometimes it was a matter of philosophical exposition clear and

discerning, as in *The Diviner Immanence.* Sometimes it was a philosophy of ecclesiastical administration, as in the biography of that noble and commanding bishop, Edward Gayer Andrews. Sometimes it was a study of the modern man's relation to the Bible, as in *Understanding the Scriptures.* Sometimes it was a wonderfully fresh and original application of the principles of democracy to Christian thinking, as in *Public Opinion and Theology.* Sometimes it dealt with the most perplexing problems which confront the man who is finding his way in this difficult age, as in *Religious Certainty* and *The Increase of Faith.* Sometimes it was a sympathetic view of the preacher's tasks and problems, as in *The Preacher and the People.* All the while the thinker and administrator and ecclesiastical leader was becoming more and more a man who felt the burdens and the tragedies of our present social order. Those who followed his keen and cool and critical mind saw increasing evidences of a growing social passion. It became evident at last that a great fire was burning in the crucible of that powerful mind. A characteristic expression of this aspect of Bishop McConnell's life was the *Report on the Steel*

Strike of 1919, issued by a commission of inquiry of which he was chairman. He now became a leader of the most commanding influence among those who would persuade the church to set seriously about the doing of the will of Christ in the very world of commerce and industry in which we live.

It was a thrilling story, and Henry Alton told it well. Then he came to the moral of his tale. There are plenty of philosophers. There are plenty of expositors. There are plenty of men with social passion. The rare thing is to get all these in one man. He is indeed a man of synthetic mind. The habits of a philosopher steady and stabilize all his social activities. The habit of seeing the message of every part of the Bible in relation to the principles which emerge from a profound consideration of its meaning and of their relation to the modern experience of life gives a moral and spiritual depth to the intellectual life and a new richness and strength to the social passion. It isn't a case of Plato's desire that philosophers be kings, though in a democracy you have something very like it when philosophers become interpreters and leaders in the movement for the industrial and social

welfare of men and women and little children. When you get Luther and Erasmus together in one man you have a notable sort of leader.

The men sat silent for a little while when the paper closed. Then Hunter Morrison opened the discussion:

"I capitulated to Bishop McConnell a good many years ago," he said. "I had been feeling lonely and unhappy and wondering if there was a place for me in the church. I heard one of the series of university lectures which express the very genius of McConnell's mind. I knew at once that if the church had a place for him, it had a place for me, and life became easier and happier from that time on."

Waldo Bryant followed:

"Bishop McConnell irritates me at times. I never have any doubt as to what he means to say. And, as the Judge has said, you get a live phrase every other minute. But why doesn't a man who could do it if he really had the desire use the good old English speech with the beauty and grace and charm which make it the thing of loveliness it is its genius to be?"

"I don't think he wants to be a Matthew

Arnold, or a Walter Pater, or even a John Ruskin. It's a good solid English he uses with plenty of pith and virility. He is about more important work than making a reproduction of some fine old English garden," said Monroe Burton.

"I wish he were a bit more of mystic," said Fletcher Hilton. "Sometimes I think he really is more responsive to these things at heart than his clear, cool dialectic would indicate, and that he is really assuming along these lines a good deal which he never says. Just the same I wish he would say as well as assume."

Morris MacDonald was sitting quietly with his eyes glowing.

"It's a great thing to have him," he said. "And the best thing you can say about him is that he bends a mind of the amplest power to the most complete loyalty to the tasks of the Christian enterprise in the world."

It was like Henry Alton to conclude:

"Of course I was thinking of Bishop McConnell. But I was not thinking simply of him. He was an illustration of a principle. It is the synthetic mind which is to carve out the future of the world."

XV. PERSONALITY AND PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT

Henry Alton was not always a particularly entertaining writer. But he made up in pith what he lacked in grace. His voice did not have rich modulations which echoed with the color of human moods, but it did have a certain solid strength which made it very impressive. Alton was a man of deep and ample erudition rather than a technical scholar, though he did know the sources in one or two periods of philosophic thought fairly well and he understood very clearly what exact scholarship is. But his own mind brooded over vast stretches of human territory and it was as a discriminating thinker that he did his best work. When he read a paper before the club every man knew that he must come prepared to think closely and to hold his mind to finely drawn distinctions. He also knew that there would emerge at last a luminous view of the subject discussed seen with a certain ample perspective.

The theme of Henry Alton's paper on this particular day was "Personality and Philosophic

Thought." He had been reading the brilliant Gifford lectures by Professor Clement C. J. Webb, who holds the lately founded chair of the philosophy of the Chrisitan religion at Oxford University. These two volumes of Lectures deal respectively with *God and Personality* and *Divine Personality and Human Life.* Alton began by paying tribute to the fine qualities of mind, the fairness of spirit, and the easy mastery of his materials which Professor Webb brings to his task. He spoke of the happy fashion in which literature is made to give hostages to philosophy in these luminous discussions. And he stopped to remark how easily Professor Webb picks up matters of common habit and expression in order to illustrate some matter of philosophic import. "All the while you feel that Webb is a disciplined and tempered man of letters living in understanding contact with human life, who has applied himself to the problems of philosophical dialectic." He spoke also of the frank and understanding way in which the Lord Gifford lecturer speaks from within the circle of Christian experience, assuming that only so can a man adequately apprehend the data and understandingly discuss their rela-

tionships. He spoke of how like tempered steel the mind of Professor Webb moves among the most subtle philosophic distinctions. Only years of walking sure of foot through the labyrinthine mazes of metaphysical speculation can make such work possible. Then the author of the paper moved through the two volumes, showing how they followed the history of that thought which comes to fullness in our modern view of personality and of the fashion in which the conception of personality is analyzed as it relates itself to God and to human life. In the latter discussion the economic life, the scientific life, the æsthetic life, the moral life, the political life, and the religious life are considered. Then Naturalism is analyzed as an interpretation which disintegrates personality on the physical side. And absolute idealism is discussed as an interpretation which disintegrates personality on the mental side. The temperate discussion of the belief in immortality with which these Gifford lectures close came in for thoughtful treatment.

But it was evident that Henry Alton was making this scrupulously careful approach for the purpose of doing something more than to review the commanding work of Professor

Webb. He wanted to set forth graphically and to emphasize its implications. He moved out into an analysis of the implications of an interpretation of life which repudiates personality. By many close and subtle bits of analysis he showed that such an interpretation is all the while driven to assume the very things which at last it is so eager to deny. He showed that what we mean by personality has always been implicit in the thinking which has been least conscious of the meaning of its own assumptions. Then he turned to the ethical experience of men and showed how its very fundamental postulate is that free and knowing experience and choice which is the very nature of personality. He showed that ethics has no standing ground in a world which is not definitely personal. He viewed the death of art and the decay of religion which would inevitably follow any view of the world which was entirely impersonal. He lifted the claim that no interpretation of life can be true which fails to give standing room to the whole series of structural and essential human experiences. Then in a final piece of highly articulated dialectic he showed that on the basis of an impersonal view of the universe

you can never account for any system of philosophy, not even an impersonal system. A man has to be a person in order to deny that he is a person. The intellectual life goes down as completely as the moral and religious life in an impersonal world. But the mission of philosophy is to organize human experience into some harmonious totality of interpretation and not to deny its most characteristic aspects. So an impersonal view of life falls into ruins the moment you subject it to critical analysis. Alton closed by saying that the thing we mean by the word "personality" is the one fundamental matter in all experience human and divine.

Morris MacDonald with his Scottish enthusiasm for metaphysics was the first to speak.

"Here's to you, Judge," he said. "That's a piece of thinking after my own heart. But, mind you, I do not think that either Professor Webb or his interpreter has been entirely just to Hegel or to some of his followers. It isn't satisfactory to push off the edge of a logical dilemma the men who fought so superbly against materialism and taught the world to see all reality in the terms of the movement of the mind."

Baldwin Paxton was moving a little restlessly in his seat.

"After all," he said, "we know very little about these things concerning which we construct such learned phrases. We do know that we can follow certain constant processes in the great order of nature. Is it not enough to think of the Master of Life as the Father of Order and the mission of man to achieve the harmony of moral order here? Why try to push the human mind into regions where it has no sure data upon which to move? It seems to me that all this emphasis on personality very easily turns into an enthusiasm for lawlessness. There is nothing fickle about the laws of nature. Personality may be as fickle as some of the Greek gods."

Bowen Tillman was ready with a bit of reminiscence:

"It all takes me back to the class room of Borden P. Bowne," he said. "His lectures on 'Personalism' gave my mind its bent as far as it has any bent in things philosophical. His lectures were full of merciless light and all the amazing ironic laughter of the mind. It was tremendously good for a young man. And it put firm ground beneath no end of feet."

Waldo Bryant looked up at the moment.

"Professor Bowne would not have been satisfied with Professor Webb's attitude toward Personal Idealism," he said. "In fact, it seems to me that Webb's work would gain much in strength had he found it possible to accept the position of philosophic idealism with personality as its ultimate fact. As it is with all his fine work, he hardly escapes dualism at last. You feel how it clips his wings when he comes to consider the doctrine of immortality."

Hunter Morrison followed next:

"I have been reading Webb too," he said. "It seems to me that he treats the new psychology rather cavalierly. You can hardly brush it aside with a majestic wave of the hand."

Benny Malone chirped up at the moment with a veritable twitter in his voice.

"All this is tremendously solemn and impressive," he said. "As for me, give me Bergson's *Creative Evolution* or give me death. I like to live in a world where things can happen. The materialists tie me up so fast in physical laws that nothing can happen. The absolute idealists tie me up so fast in the laws of logic that nothing can happen. Then comes Henri

Bergson with his declaration of independence. I'm for him. I will be caught in no Webb of mediæval dialectic."

"Toss out the pun," interrupted Fletcher Hilton, amid a chorus of groans. The way of the punster was always hard among the Twelve Merry Fishermen.

Coulton Moore now spoke:

"Benny has said something in spite of his nebulous Webb," he insisted. "Only I would put it in another way. I'm only interested in philosophy in order to find standing room for life. And the pragmatists give me that. Schiller and James give me what I need. Great is pragmatism, and they are its prophets."

"Go on to Einstein and wallow in relativity," shot in Morris MacDonald.

James Clayton now spoke up in his thoughtful way:

"It seems to me that some of us are not making a distinction between things which sound exciting and things which are exciting," he said. "Webb is all the while trying to make room for the very freedom and initiative which Malone and Moore want so badly. Only he is trying to get it in a world which has a sound basis of order underneath its freedom.

An aeroplane is wonderfully exhilarating, but you would better not break too many laws of physics as you go up in the air. Pragmatism gives you freedom without law. The systems of necessity give you law without freedom. Webb so interprets life that you have room for free decision in a stable and orderly world."

"All of which has been said so well that I have nothing to add," declared Henry Alton.

Monroe Burton had said nothing during the discussion. As the men broke into little groups at the end of the meeting some one noticed hovering on his face an inscrutable smile.

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